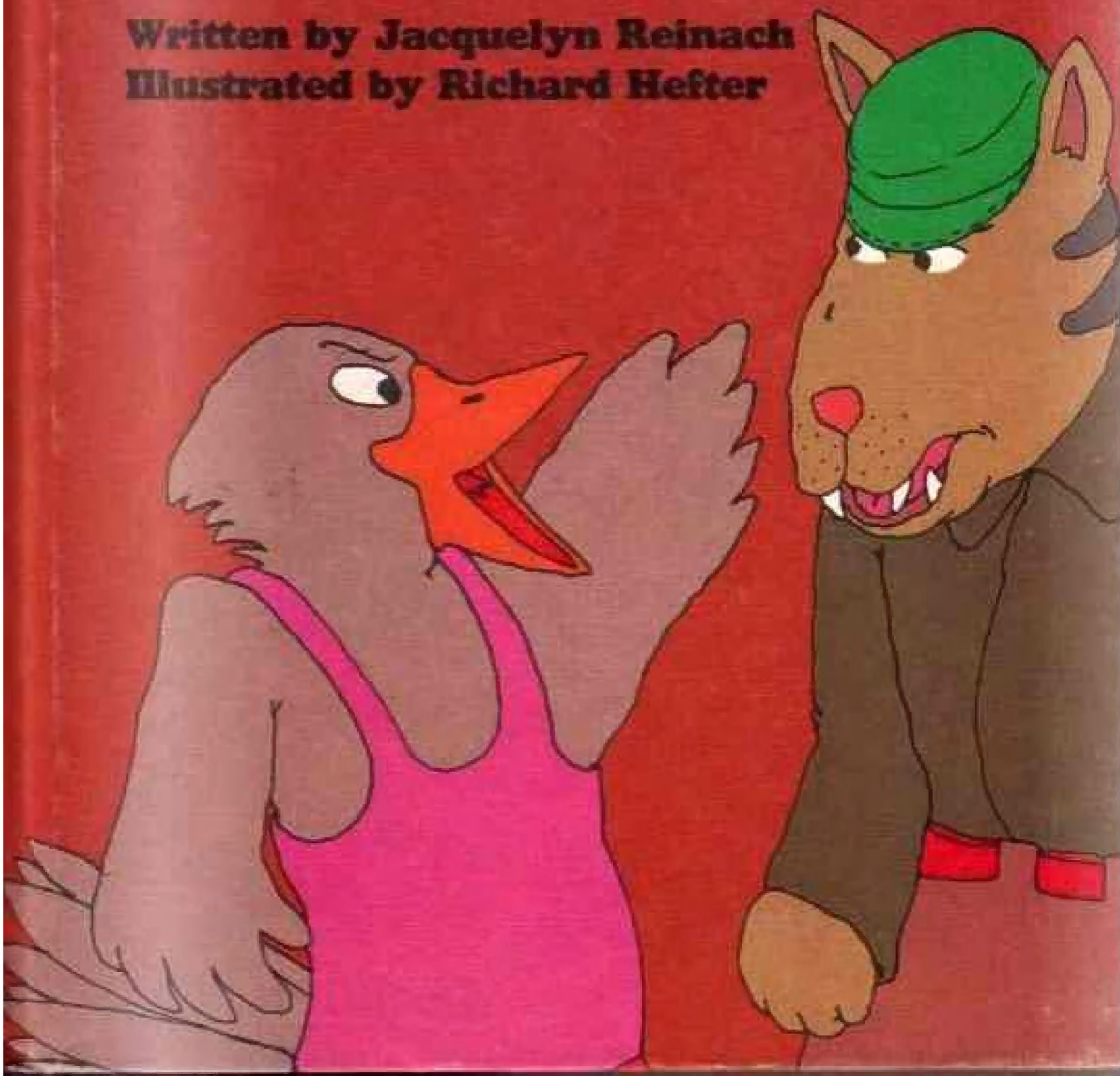


SWEET PICKLES

NUTS TO NIGHTINGALE

Written by Jacquelyn Reinach

Illustrated by Richard Hefter





IT'S YOUR FAULT !

EXCUSE ME.

I'LL FIX IT.

I'M HUNGRY.

I DOUBT IT.

ACCUSING
ALLIGATOR

BASHFUL
BEAR

CLEVER
CAMEL

DOUBTFUL
DOG

ENORMOUS
ELEPHANT



HAW, HAW!

I LOVE YOU ?

SIGH...

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

NYAAH!

KIDDING
KANGAROO

LOVING
LION

MOODY
MOOSE

NASTY
NIGHTINGALE

OUTRAGED
OCTOPUS



THINGS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE.

I'M GORGEOUS!

I'M WORRIED.

NOT ALLOWED.

UNIQUE
UNICORN

VAIN
VULTURE

WORRIED
WALRUS

X-RATING
XERUS



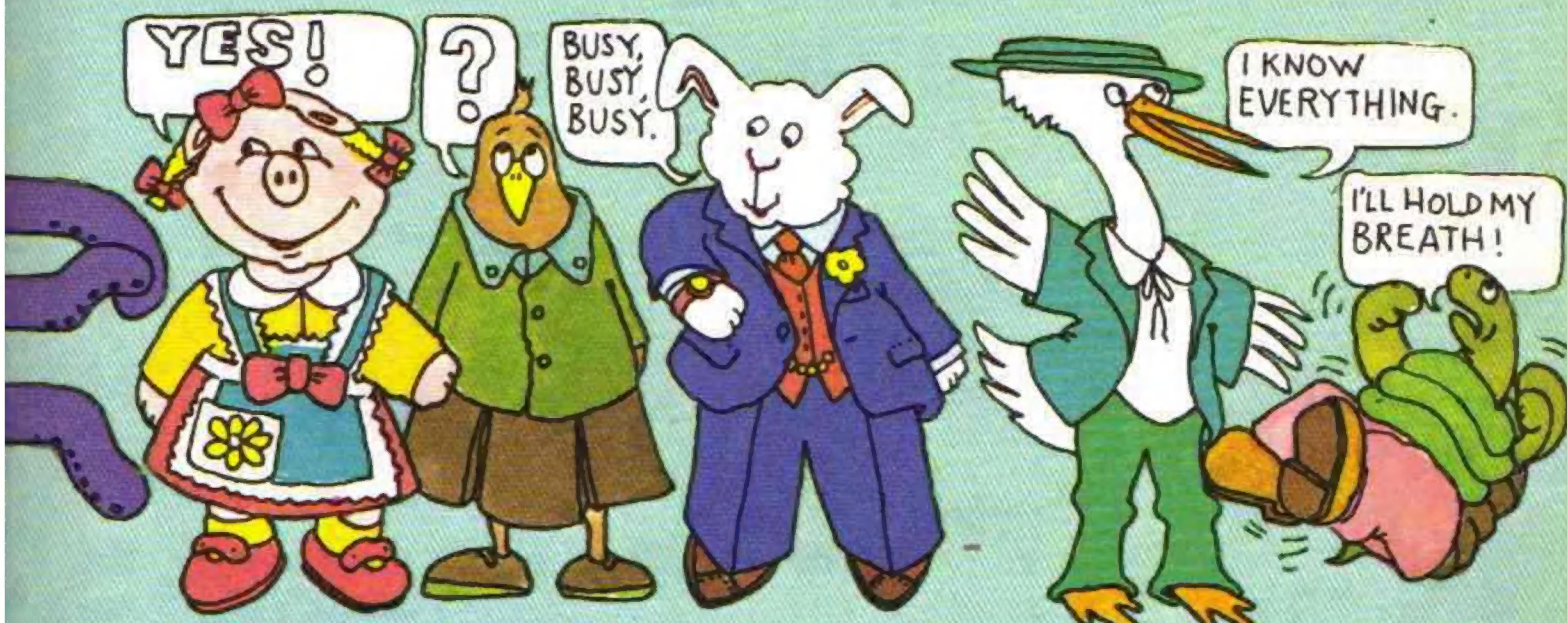
FEARLESS
FISH

GOOF-OFF
GOOSE

HEALTHY
HIPPO

IMITATING
IGUANA

JEALOUS
JACKAL



POSITIVE
PIG

QUESTIONING
QUAIL

RESPONSIBLE
RABBIT

SMARTY
STORK

TEMPER TANTRUM
TURTLE



YAKETY
YAK

ZANY
ZEBRA

HERE THEY ARE



All twenty-six of them
in stories with giggles
and tickles and awful pickles

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Weekly Reader Books presents

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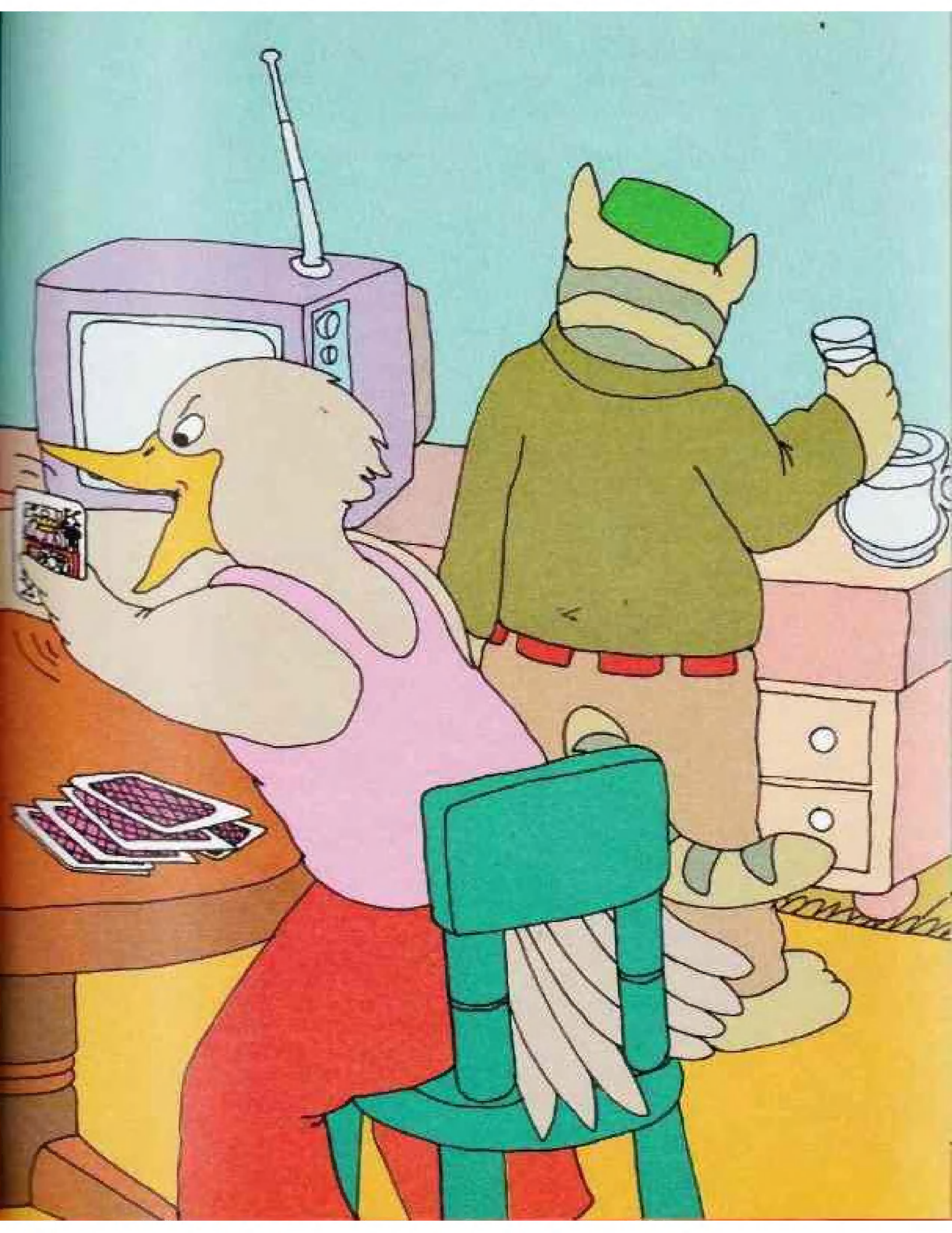


Holt, Rinehart and Winston

New York

One day Nightingale and Jackal were playing cards when Jackal went to get a drink of water. As soon as he was gone, Nightingale sneaked a peek at Jackal's cards. "Goody!" she said. "Jackal has the king I need. Now I can win!" She took Jackal's king, gave him another card and sat back giggling.

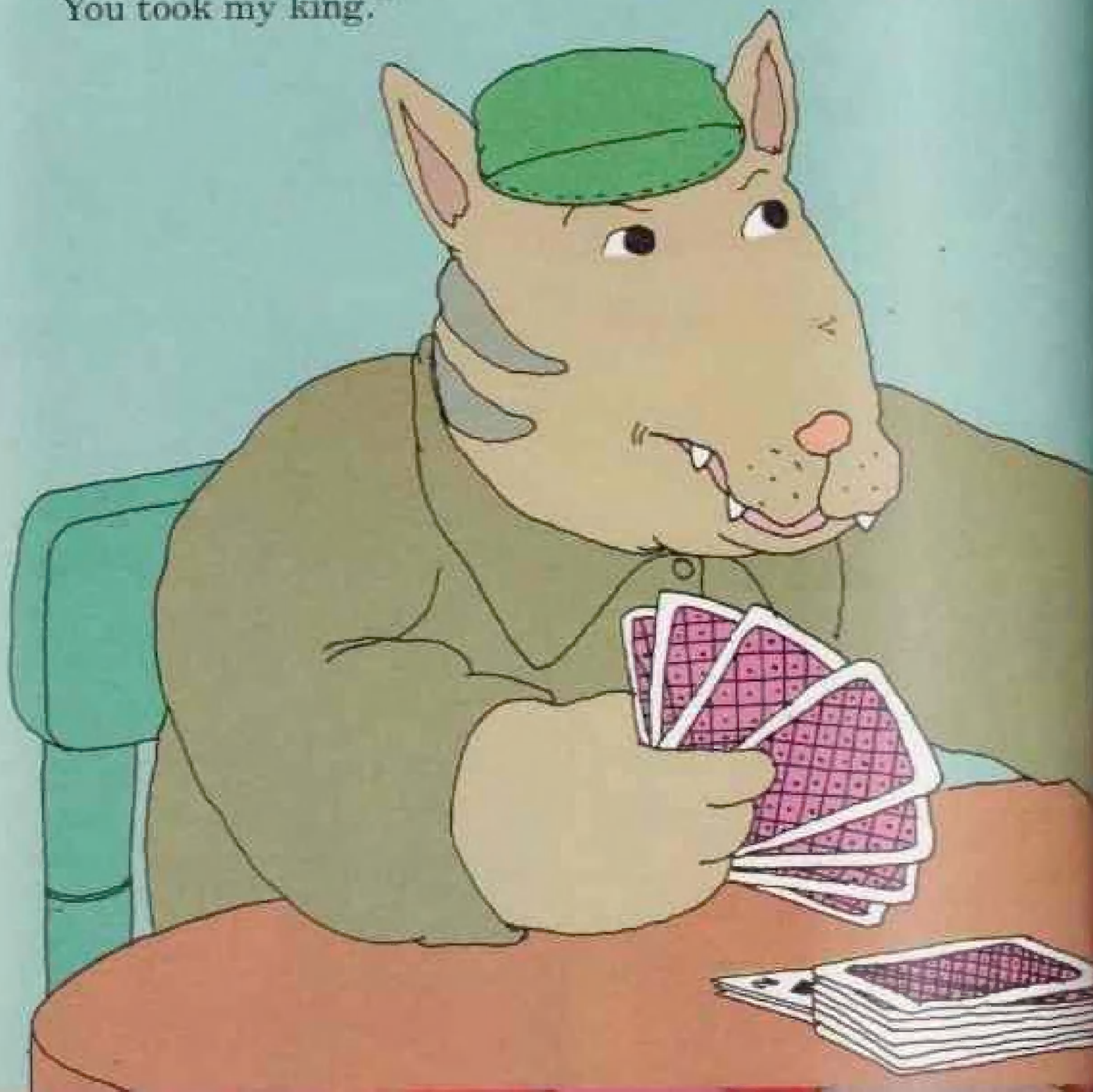




"That's funny," said Jackal, when he picked up his cards again. "I thought I had a king."

"Nyaah!" cried Nightingale. "I have a king. I have two kings. I have three kings!" She flung her cards down on the table. "So I win!"

"I *know* I had a king," repeated Jackal. He pointed to one of the cards on the table. "And that's it! You took my king."



"Nuts to you!" chortled Nightingale. "You're just jealous!"

"I want my king!" cried Jackal. "You cheated!"

"No, I didn't," lied Nightingale. "Who would do a nasty thing like cheating?"

"You would!" yelled Jackal. "You would cheat and lie. And you did!"

"That's a terrible thing to say to anybody!" said Nightingale. "You've hurt my feelings, and I'm going to cry!"

"Oh, no you don't!" said Jackal. "I'm not going to fall for *that* act. Just give me back my king. I want it. NOW!"



"No!" snickered Nightingale.

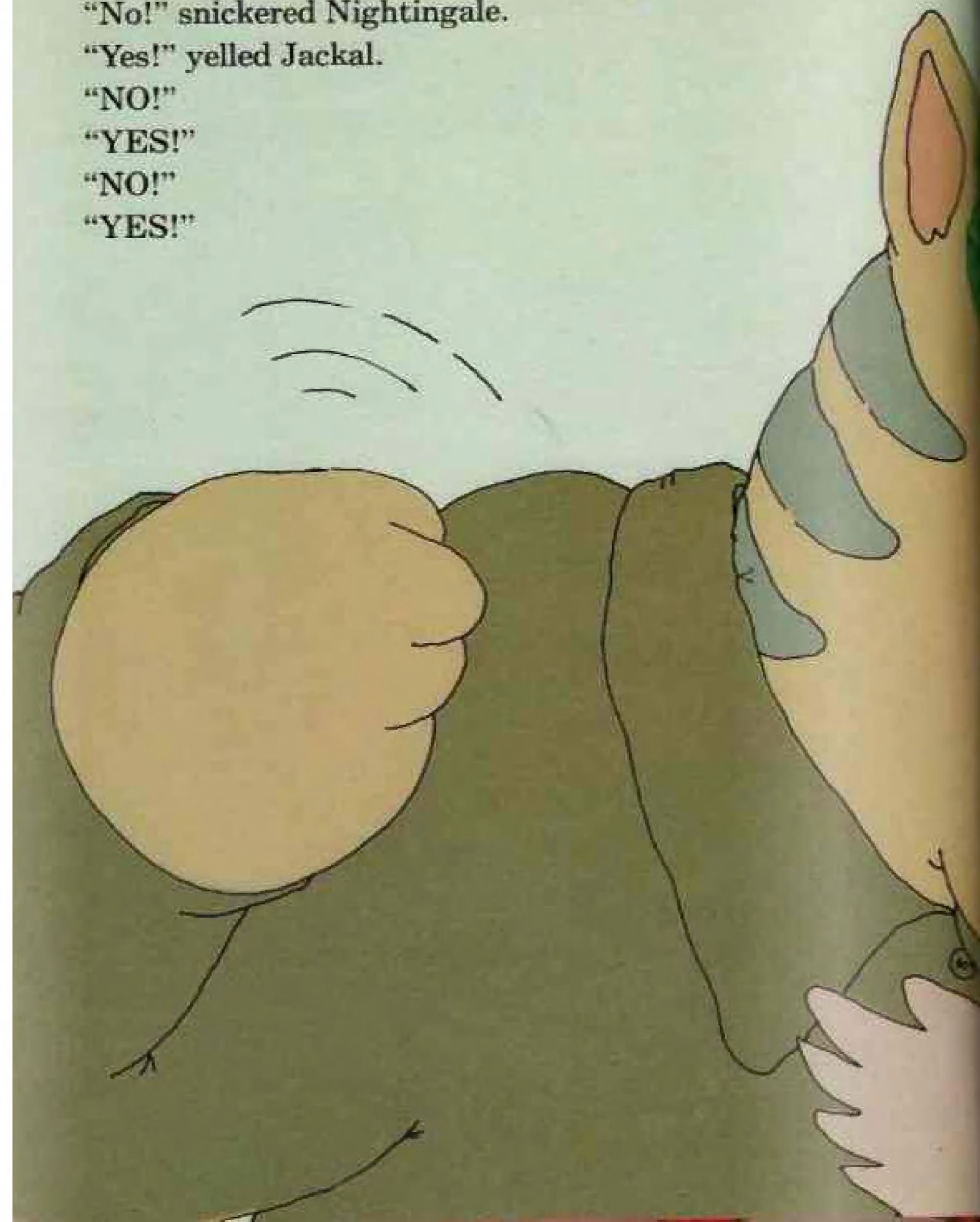
"Yes!" yelled Jackal.

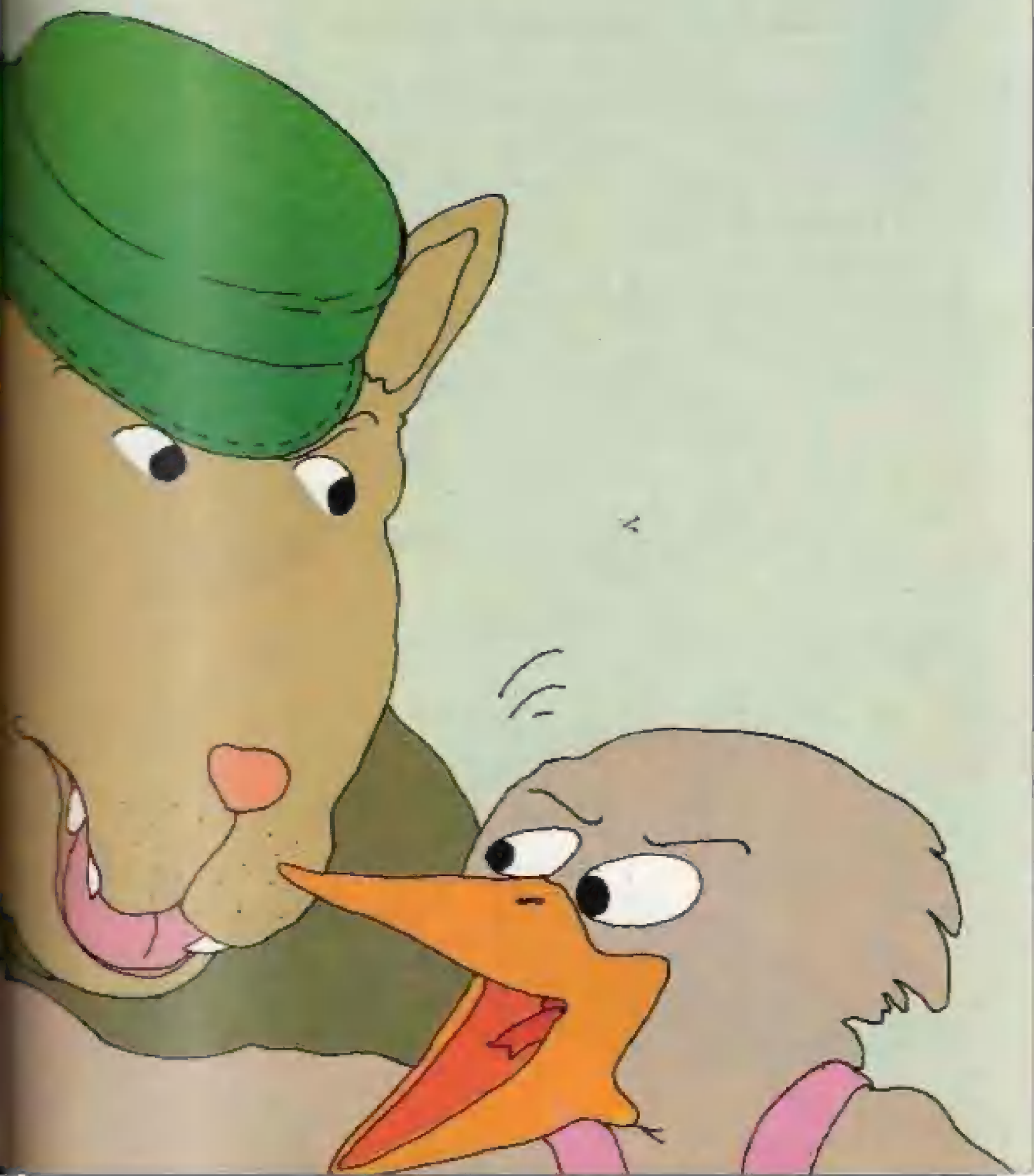
"NO!"

"YES!"

"NO!"

"YES!"





Just then there was a loud pounding on the door.
It was Alligator. "Stop that noise in there!" she cried.
"You're disturbing the whole building and it's
your fault!"

"Nyaah!" shrieked Nightingale. "Nuts to you! It's *my*
apartment and I'll make noise if I want to!"

"Oh, no, you won't!" called Alligator.

"Want to bet?" screamed Nightingale. She ran over to
the television set and turned it on full blast. The
whole room shook with noise.





"Stop that racket right now!" shouted Alligator.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nightingale holding her sides.

"Try and make me!"

"I'm getting out of here," screamed Jackal as he opened the door, "and I'm never playing cards with you again!"

"That's what you said the last time," snickered Nightingale. "Nuts to you!" She gave Jackal a pinch, pushed him out and slammed the door.





"Hey! What's going on?" called Dog from the second floor. "Are we having an earthquake?"

"No!" grumbled Alligator. "Nightingale's at it again!"

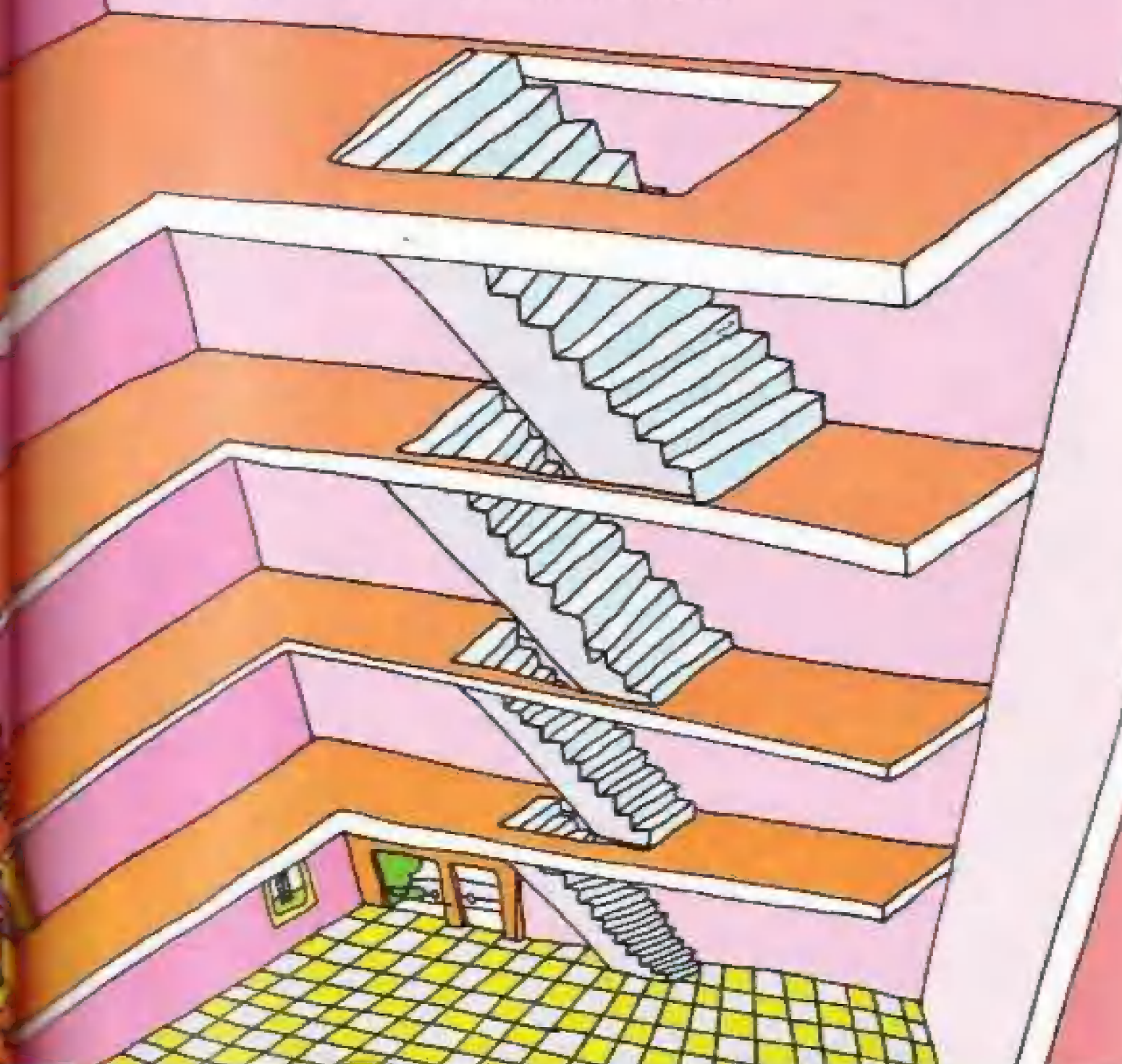
"I don't think I can take it anymore!" cried Dog.

"This morning she was throwing peach pits down on my balcony!"

"She did that to me too!" called Iguana from the third floor.



"Do you think that's bad?" said Yak from his first floor apartment. "Let me tell you what Nightingale did yesterday. She took spray paint and wrote *Nuts to You* all over my windshield. Then when I was driving her in my taxi—you know I never refuse a passenger—she stuck chewing gum all over the back seat. Then she got out and Rabbit got in and sat in it. I tell you there ought to be a law."



"Maybe there is a law," said Dog, "but I doubt it."

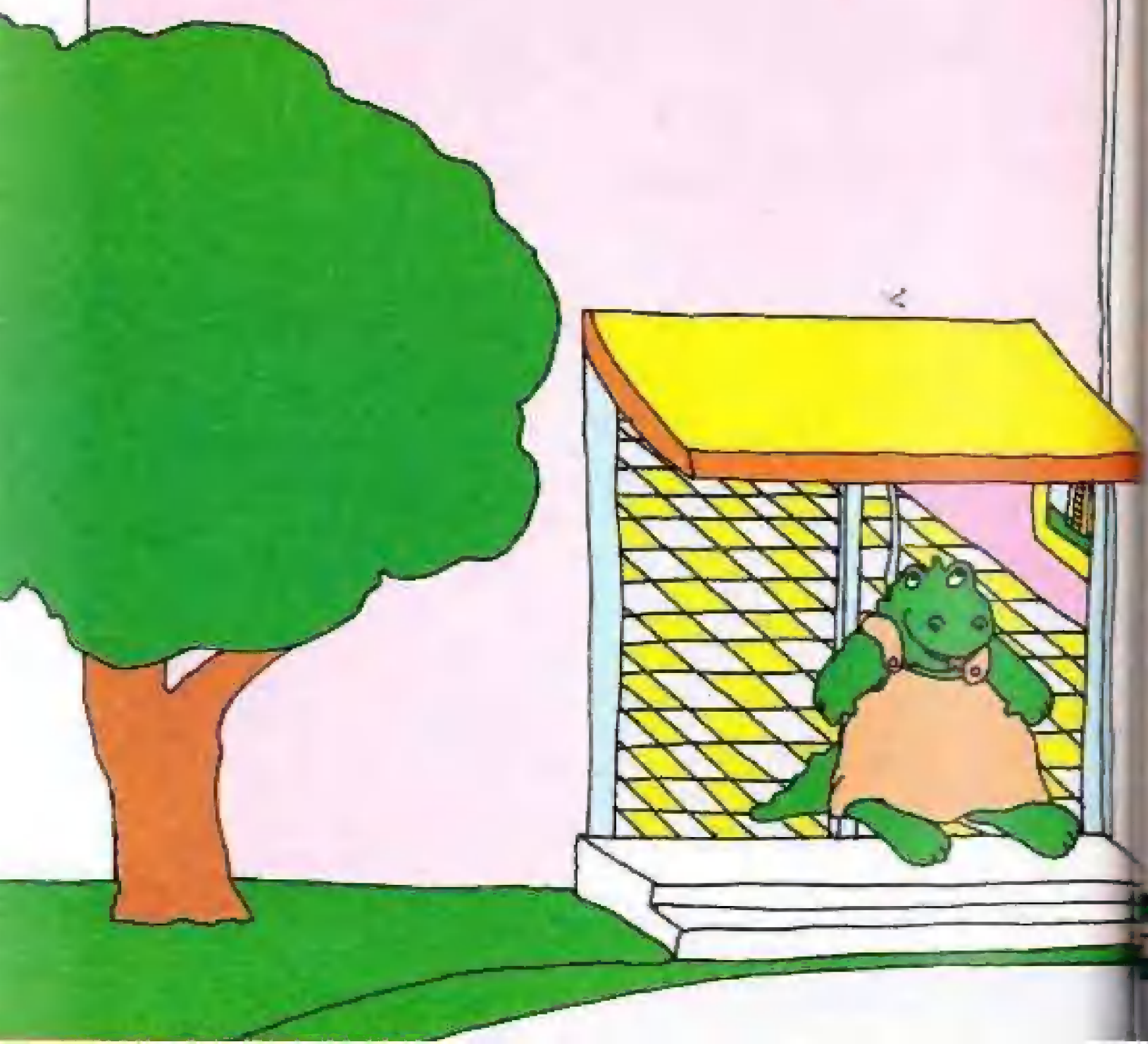
"Well, there's one way to find out," said Jackal.

"Let's go over to the post office and ask Stork.

He knows all the laws."

"And if there isn't a law, there should be!" yelled Alligator.

They all went to find Stork.



"I know where you're going!" shrieked Nightingale from her balcony. She began to throw little plastic bags of water down on them. "Nuts to you! It won't do you any good. Nyaah!"



Fish zoomed up. When she heard where everyone was going, she hoisted a flag and led the way. "Nightingale deserves the very worst," cried Fish. "Do you know what she did to *me*? She poured syrup all over my motorcycle. It was sticky for a week!"

"Come on," cried the crowd as they moved across the park. "Stork will know what to do!"

"Let's go!" shouted Octopus. "I'm fed up with Nightingale's outrageous pranks. Yesterday she tied all my socks together!"





Lion watched for awhile and then went along. "I know you should love your neighbors, he sighed, "but when I was at the barbershop, Nightingale put a tack on my chair. She's really getting to be a pain in the mane."

"In addition," giggled Kangaroo as he hopped along, "Nightingale is a grouch in the pouch! Haw, haw!"

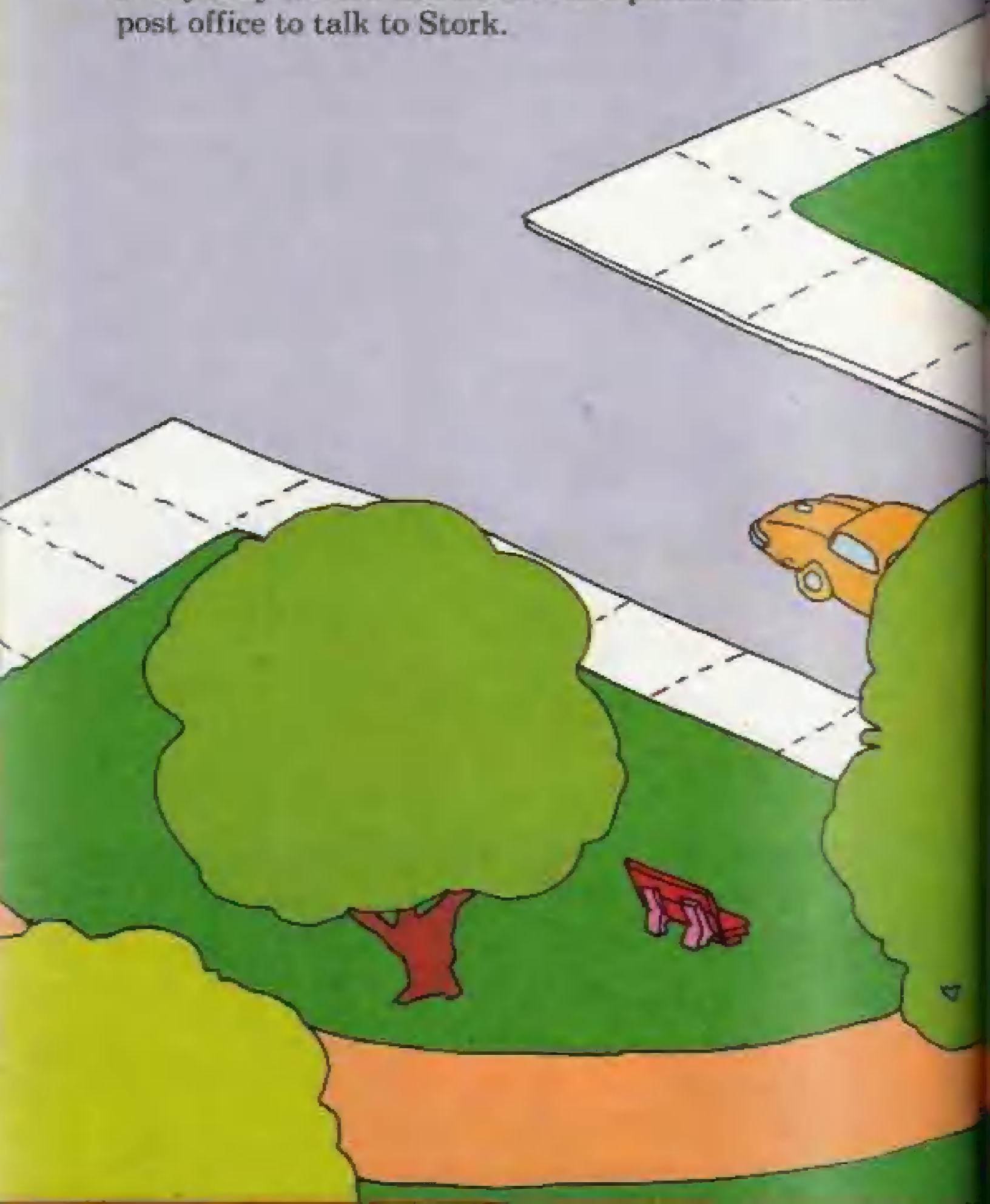
"She's a pill in the gill!" yelled Fish.

"A nail in the tail!" screeched Alligator.





Everybody hooted and howled and paraded into the post office to talk to Stork.

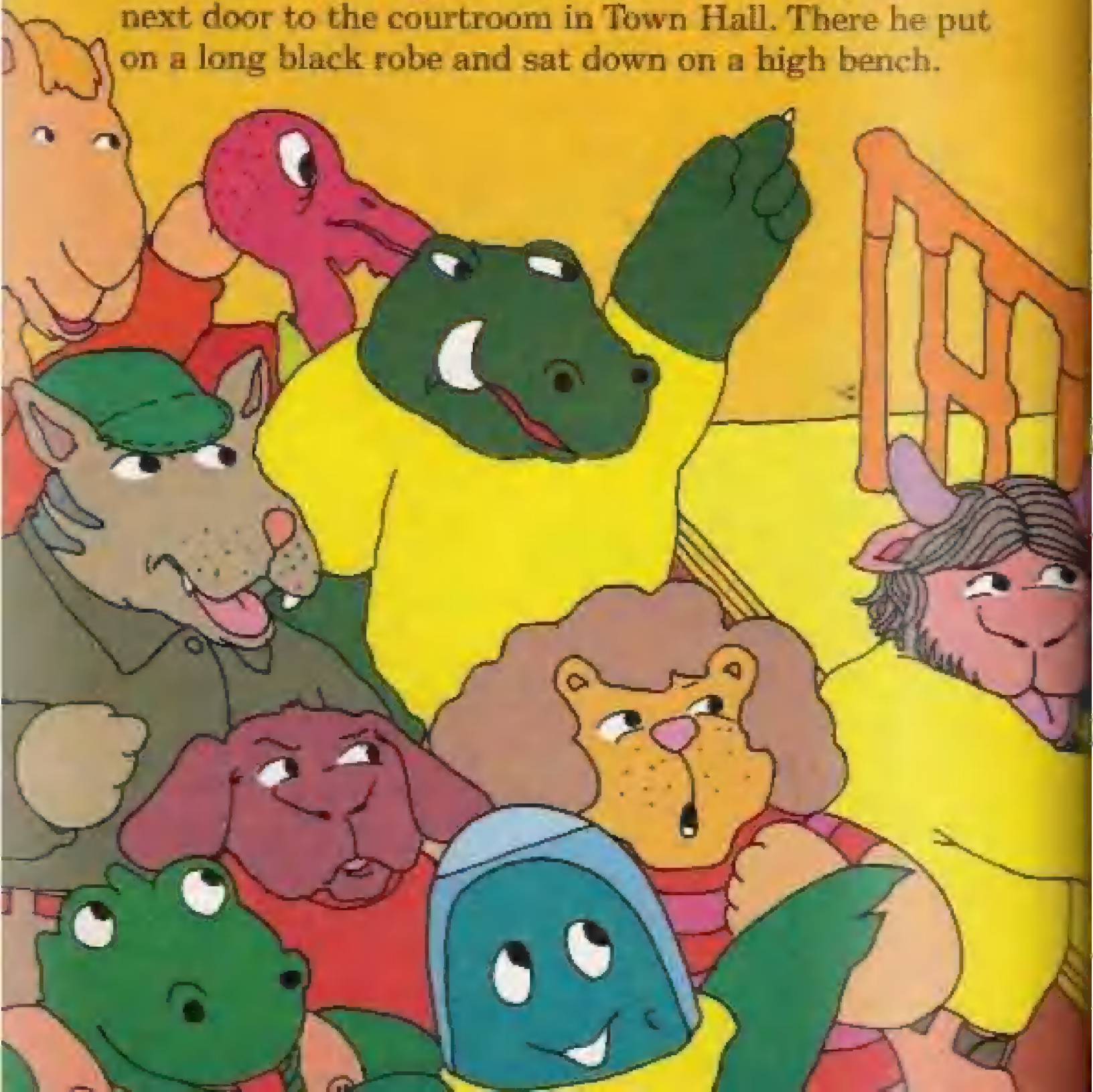


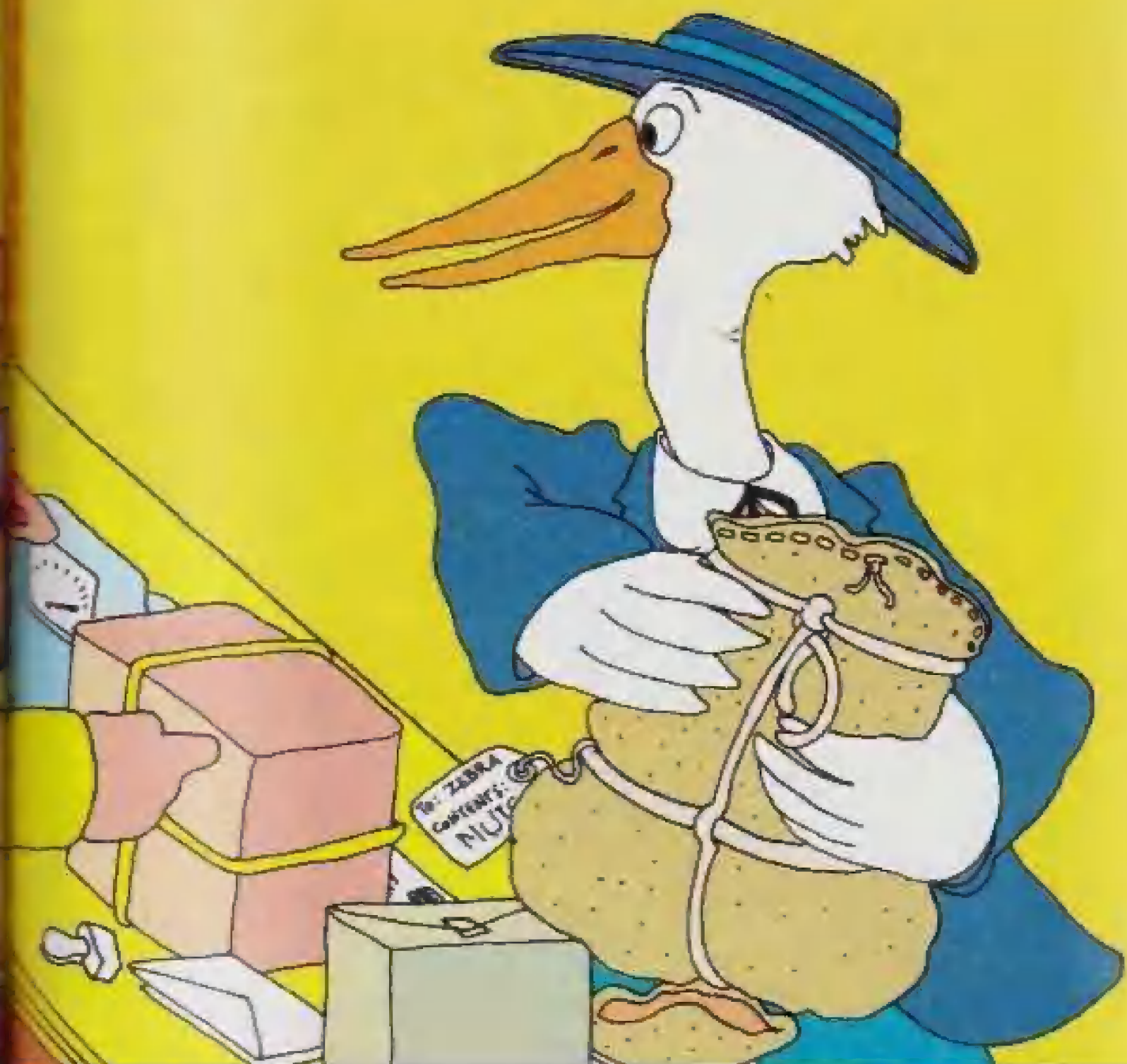


"Stork!" they all shouted at once. "Isn't there some kind of law to stop Nightingale's nasty tricks? Tell us the law!"

"Well, now," said Stork. "I can tell you about the law in a few words, but not here. This is the post office."

Stork took off his post office hat and led everyone next door to the courtroom in Town Hall. There he put on a long black robe and sat down on a high bench.





Then Stork opened a large black book and cleared his throat. "Ah, ahem, yes. You want to know if there's a law to stop Nightingale's nuisances. Well, now. There are a lot of laws. There are stop laws and go laws and can laws and can't laws, and inlaws and outlaws, and some laws are bylaws. And there's the law of averages and the law of gravity and the law of the jungle."

Stork slammed the big book shut and sighed, "But we don't have a law to stop Nightingale!"

"Then let's make a law!" said Camel.

"That would take some time," warned Stork. "And anyway, I don't know if a law could make a person be nice."





Just then Zebra came skating in with a wheelbarrow full of bulging burlap bags. "There's no law that says we can't tell Nightingale what we think of her, is there?" he asked with a wink.

"Everyone has freedom of speech!" assured Stork.

"Well, then!" shouted Zebra. "Let's give it to Nightingale!"

"Give what?" asked Dog.

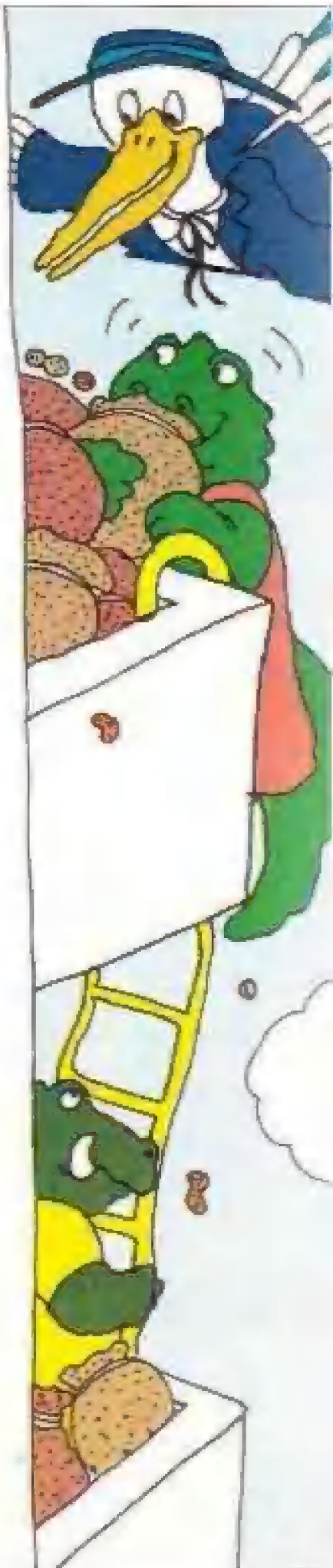
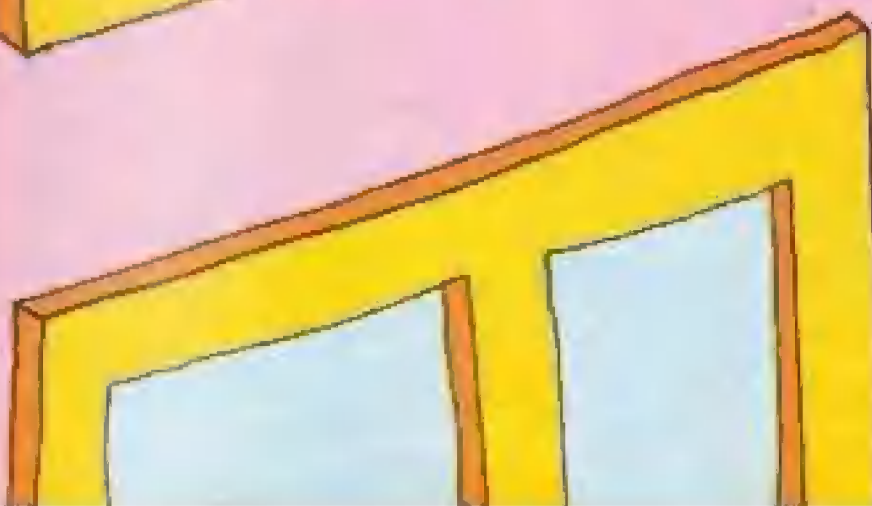
"Why, *nuts*, of course!" laughed Zebra. "Here are bags and bags of nuts. Come on!"





Everybody piled the bags of nuts around
Nightingale's apartment.





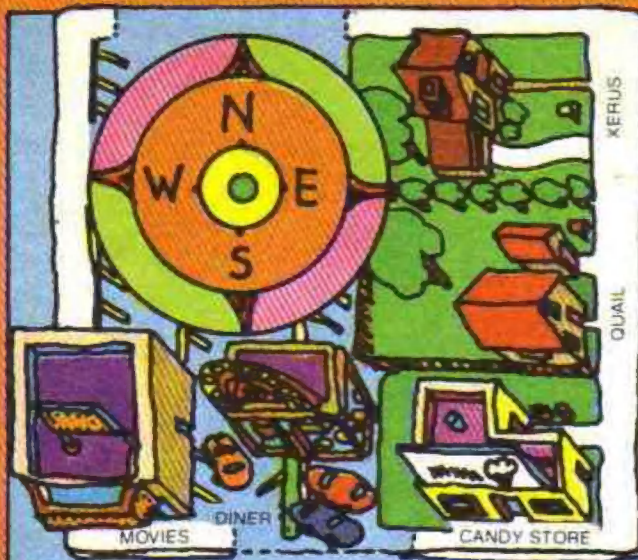
"Nyaah!" shrieked Nightingale. "I can't get out! What do you think you're doing?"

Zebra laughed and called out loudly, "Just a little food for thought!"

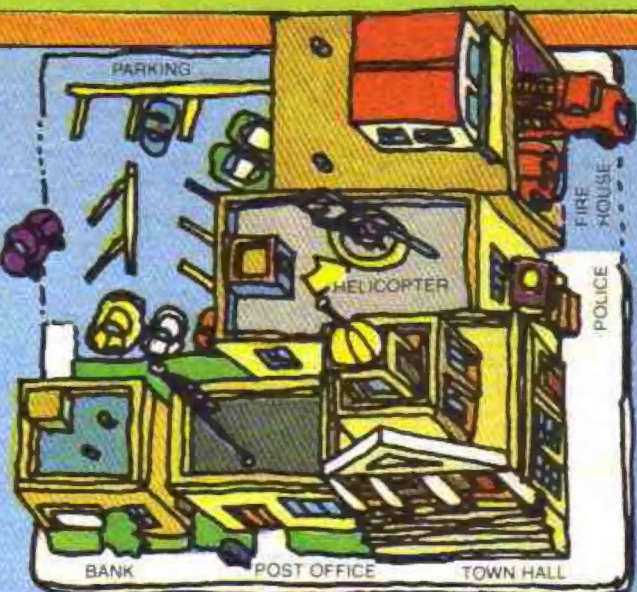
"NUTS TO YOU!" screamed Nightingale.

"No," shouted everyone. "Nuts to YOU, Nightingale!"

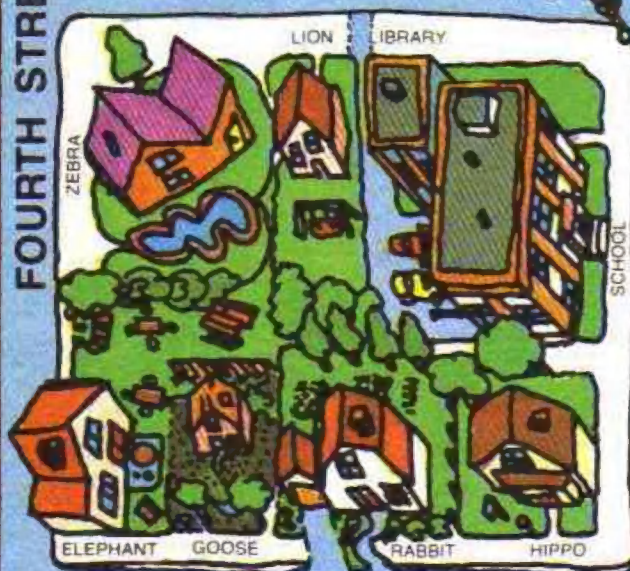




FIFTH STREET



FOURTH STREET



MAIN STREET

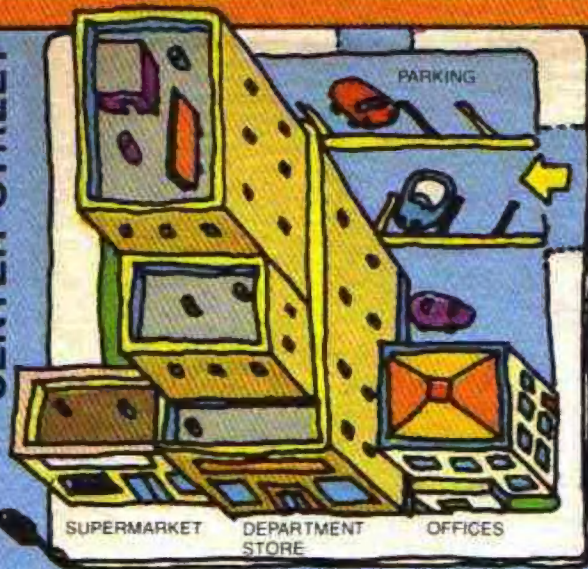


PARK AVENUE

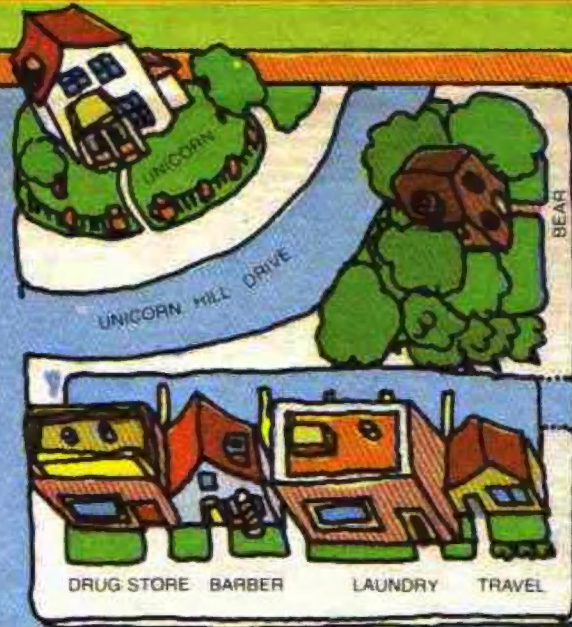


OLD RIVER ROAD

CENTER STREET



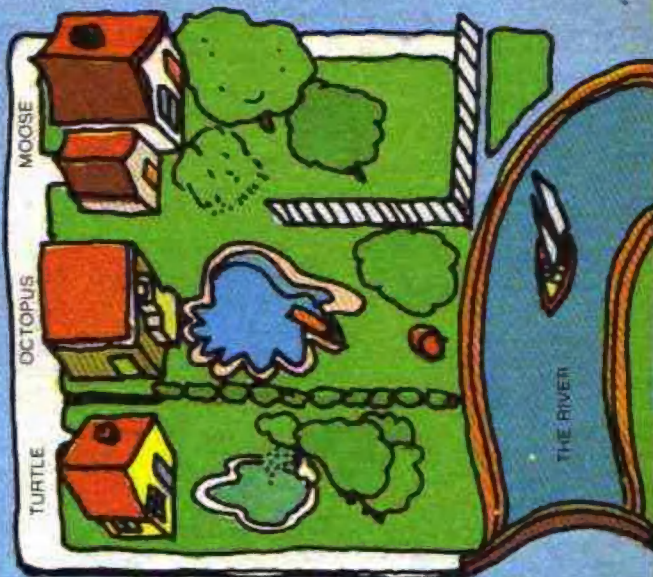
SIXTH STREET



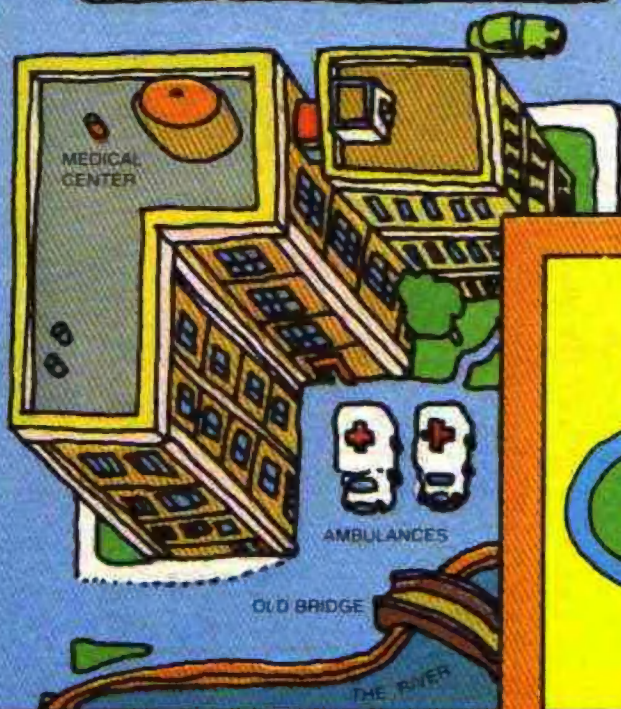
SEVENTH STREET



MAIN STREET



PARK AVENUE



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